

HOW TO TRAIN WILD ANIMALS

There is something inspiring in the soft treading animal that sweeps from its stool to the feet of its master. It blinks its yellow eyes in the face of the crowd and looks upward with a glance which for swiftness makes the lightning pale.

It sees only a drawn countenance, with deep lines that tell of great mental stress. The tawny body leaps through the hoop held for it, turns slowly with a hiss and shows the great fangs and the powerful muscles that control them.

It hesitates and the swish of the whip cuts the air. The gleaming yellow thing shrinks under the cruel contact of snake and flesh, and half shrinks again. A sharp command and the royal Bengal tiger, the king of the jungle, mounts its chair again and blinks at the awe-stricken crowd, while his fellow repeats the performance.

The tiger trainer, the man at whose feet lions and leopards fawn, a serene smile upon his face and a laugh at the nervous exclamations of the few whom he can hear, is through the iron gate, which closes with a clang—and safe.

Those to whom he smiled his short farewell do not witness the change that comes over the man. They do not understand the awful tensility to which his nerves have been wrought. Within the steel enclosure, facing terrors that only the man who drops in a parachute from the balloon in the heavens must feel, he knows that only great will power can protect him from harm.

There his will must control. From the moment he enters the cage there must be only one force dominant. He is master. The treacherous beasts who obey his orders can read him limb from limb. Why do they not resent his sharp whip and, what is more fearful to them, his shrill commands? Indeed, why?

Power of Fear.

It tells of the submission of wild beasts to man. It explains the use of the tiger and lion in traces before the gilded chariots of monarchs in ages past. The gigantic elephant, submissive and useful, is a beast of burden in the land where his kind run wild. And down to this age the animal trainer has come, the same cool, self-reliant man, the man without nerves, the man who, before hundreds of admiring spectators, risks his life day by day.

There is little known and less believed of the efforts that are employed in teaching lions, tigers and leopards to perform tricks and give displays of intelligence at the will of man. Only those interested in the hazardous life can know of the patience that is exercised before a Nubian lion or a Bengal tiger, or the snarling, treacherous leopard, is brought to that state of intelligence where it can become a factor in the amusement world.

When the trainer is in the cage with his pupils few people watch him. He is watched, however. Every member of the slinking, cruel, ever ready circle watches him as the smaller member of the family guards its prey, the mouse. Let him for one minute forget he is the master there, let his body and his mind submit to the strain which taxes him, let him turn and lose his control—the newspapers have told the story.

ries of men's deaths under such circumstances.

It was only a few months ago that an ill tempered beast, a spitting, snarling leopard, beaten many times to submission by the woman trainer, was driven with hot irons and sharp pronged forks from her bleeding, senseless body.

Lost His Hand.

There is another story, a story of great confidence. The trainer fed meat from his hand to his pet, the lion. The monarch had never betrayed that confidence. It fawned upon the hand that fed it. One day the lion took the meat and also the hand. It did not stop there. When taken from the cage the man was dead. He had lived with lions for thirty years. That is why when a trainer is among his trick beasts he can never relax his vigilance or his control for an instant.

I talked with several animal trainers. Their methods are interesting. The capture of the young lions, tigers and leopards, the finding of the babies when their parents have fallen under the rifle, the subtleties employed to take them, are familiar tales.

They are not easily made docile. An impression common with the public is the belief that animals born in captivity are more easily broken to the habits of man. This is erroneous. Trainers would rather handle a beast that has tasted the sweets of freedom than chance an acquaintance with the

product of menagerie and zoological garden. The beast fresh from the jungle has had no association with man. His fear is natural; his distrust is more keen; his nature is more elastic.

A tiger cub handled and humored in captivity resents the lash at its first lesson. The jungle beast feels the sting and grovels at the feet of the man who administers the punishment.

"When a child disobeys it is punished," said Bostock, who has had many hairbreadth escapes. "You must exercise power over a beast. He must be taught to fear you. It is not necessary to be cruel. You play upon your knowledge of the characteristics of the animal. If he is a surly, vicious beast he must be taught to know and understand that you will not tolerate it. He may fear you, but he must know that you do not fear him.

Mastering the Brute.

"A full grown animal is hard to subdue. His association with you must be constant. In order to secure companionship a cage with movable bars is used. The tiger or the lion will shrink from you. He will go as far as he can, but no further than you can push the bars. Once acquainted then must come the ordeal.

"When the trainer enters the cage he is protected by his whip and a pistol loaded with blank cartridges. There are one or two with ball cartridges, by the way. It is

DISTINGUISHED TAMERS TELL OF THE WAY TO MASTER THE SAVAGE DENIZENS OF FOREST AND JUNGLE

safer. If the animal springs the legs of the chair make an excellent shield, and the sharp whip is an implement that the beast does not care to have come in contact with his nose. You are the animal's master, and from the first lesson make him so understand. Once he refuses to obey, if not made to obey his days of usefulness are over. He will not submit again."

Captain Bonavita, whose group of twenty-eight lions has made him famous, has lived his hazardous existence for many years. In



MISS GILKE AND HER PARROTS



MR. LIL VERSLAGE

PHOTO BY SHULMAN

ness will go as far toward reducing viciousness in a lion or tiger as the same treatment accorded a cat or a dog. Mr. Bostock said:

Gives a Little Sympathy.

"I never lose sight of the fact that no matter how docile an animal may become there is always a chance that he will attack you. Overconfidence has caused the death of more than one trainer. You reward a dog for bringing you a stick. A little kindness

arena was no place for strife; but how to bring them together?

A dummy elephant was introduced to the arena and the tiger ordered to leap upon its back. The jump was accomplished without mishap, but once upon the broad shoulders of the dummy elephant the tiger sank its teeth into its neck. The next day the same move was ordered. Instead of filling his mouth with splinters the tiger bit deeply into a collar of tacks, and with a howl leaped to the ground and slunk into a corner. His walls could be heard for blocks.

At the next trial he had apparently forgotten his dislike for the diet, for he tried the same game. Within a week he was perfectly willing to follow instructions and his acquaintance with the big Bongo was entirely without tragedy.

In teaching an elephant to walk upon bottles small disks are at first employed. They are gradually raised from the ground until the weighty animal learns to step from one to another. The elephant that walks over the body of his trainer has his first experience with a dummy.

Johann Tudiak, who handles seven polar bears, maintains they are the worst animals to train, but once familiar with their work never forget it.

Lift Up Your Eyes.

Lift up your eyes and read me. Nay, draw near,
New Love am I, not strong enough to fear,
Yet brave with tenderness, with comfort kind,
With careful hands and eyes all sweetly blind,
Yet quick to know your smile and stay your tear.

I bring no memory of yester-year,
No call of some old sorrow left behind,
But promise of new joys, ours yet to find—
Lift up your eyes.

I am the thought of spring when woods are sore,
I am the break of dawn when night is drear,
The wondrous poem unread, the undivined
Great music waiting for the master mind;
New Love am I—thrice that dead passion's peer—
Lift up your eyes.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

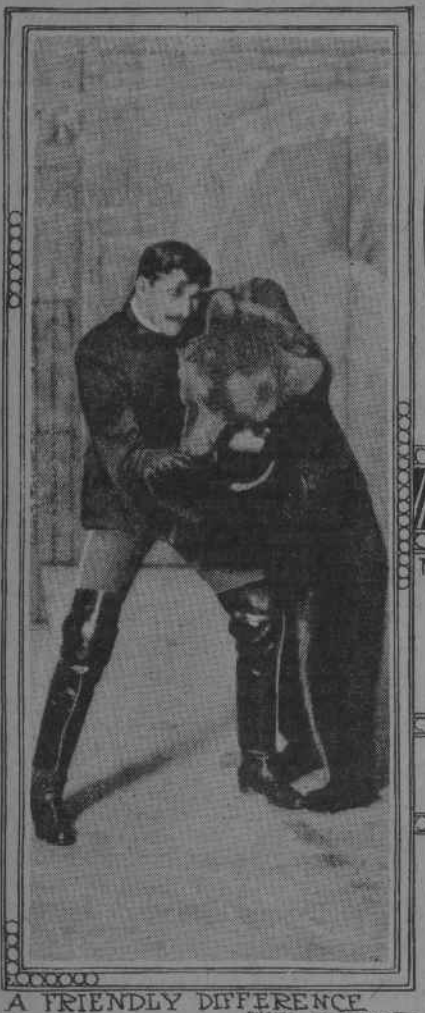
Pneumatic Bust Forms

Perfected under late "H. & H." Patents. "Light as air," cool, healthy, durable, give unequalled style, grace, comfort and the admirable and superb proportions of the ideal figure. So perfect and natural are they that dressmakers fit gowns over them and never know by sight or touch that they are artificial. Women of taste everywhere welcome them as a relief from the old unsightly and unhealthy corset. Worn with or without corsets, fit any figure, adapt themselves to every movement "as a part of one's self." A grateful support to mother. In bathing they can't be detected, buoy the wearer and make swimming easy. Write for photo-fitting circulars and convincing testimonials. All correspondence and goods mailed under plain seal with our distinctive mark. Address HENDERSON & HENDERSON, Dept. N. I., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by leading dry goods and corset dealers.

If Constipated

take TARRANT'S SELTZER 1844 1903

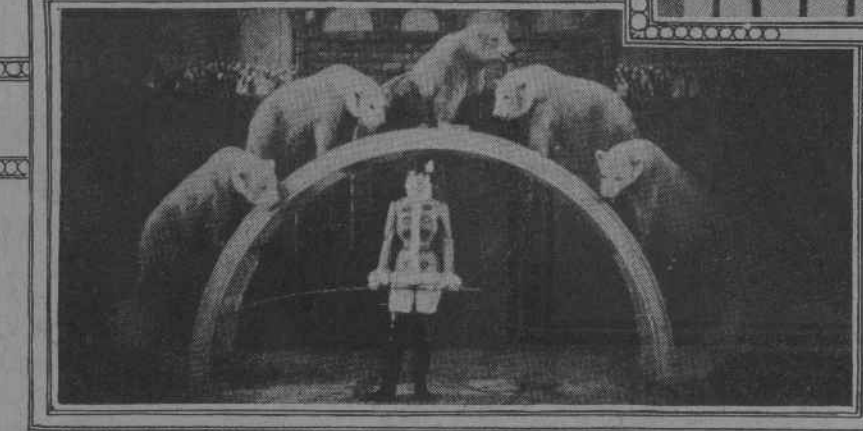
Used by American Physicians nearly 60 years. The effervescent "tried by time" cure for Costiveness, Biliousness, Headache, Sick Stomach. Contains no irritants or narcotics. 50c. and \$1. at Druggists or by mail from THE TARRANT CO., 21 Jay Street, New York



A FRIENDLY DIFFERENCE



MRS. MORELLI AND HER JAGUARS



MRS. AURORA AND HER POLAR BEARS

TIGER AND ELEPHANT - MR. POPSON, TRAINER

MR. DOSTOCK HIMSELF TAKING A HAND AT THE LIONS

speaking of his method of taming a fractious lion, he said: "I lay great stress on sound. My animals are all known by name. But it is the one shrill accent in the name that saves me a great deal of trouble. Take the Nubian, Leo, for instance. When I speak to Leo I accentuate the 'L' forcibly and distinctly. And in Romeo the 'Ro' comes in a volume. It has a tendency, because of its brevity, to bring them sharply to my will. My lions are all known by short names. They all respond to them."

Herman Bostock has spent years with the Hagenbeck shows. He has trained all manner of wild beasts, and believes that kind-

and a little sympathy for an obedient beast of the jungle goes a long way. Different animals are accorded various treatments. They know my voice, and I talk to them as I would to a child. A running conversation among the beasts when they are ill at ease has quieted them under many trying circumstances."

Probably the most interesting feat in the Hagenbeck show is the apparent companionship of the elephant and the tiger. The tiger, at a command, leaps upon the elephant's back, and, snarling and uneasy, is carried around the ring. It was no easy task to teach the two natural enemies that the

Long Lost Painting by Ruckle of the Battle of North Point Identified by an Old Print.

IDENTIFIED by means of an old lithograph copy, the famous Thomas Ruckle painting of the battle of North Point, picturing the valiant defense of Baltimore on September 12, 1814, and accidentally obtained by Dr. Wallace Neff, of Washington, D. C., has attracted widespread attention and inquiries from collectors of historical paintings from all parts of the country.

Although purchased by Dr. Neff for a small sum from a picture dealer, the price of the painting has been enhanced beyond the most sanguine expectations of the fortunate owner. A number of delegations have visited Dr. Neff's residence, at No. 1337 K street, to inspect the painting, and have affirmed its originality and bona fide character.

Dr. Neff has had the painting thoroughly cleaned so as to bring out of the wealth of detail in the coloring the forcible action of the troops drawn up in defense line under command of General John Stricker. The painting is still in such an excellent state of preservation that the features of General Stricker and some of his distinguished officers in that battle may be identified.

The painting represents one of the most thrilling battle scenes during the exciting period when the British destroyed the Capitol and White House in 1814 and continued their victorious march toward Baltimore, where General Stricker's forces were hastily assembled and drawn up to defend the city. The painting is four feet five inches in length and two feet in width.

When Dr. Neff bought the work he had no knowledge of its identity or the engagement it was supposed to represent. He be-

lieved, however, that the painting might be of the battle of Landy's Lane. It was only a few weeks ago that he recognized a strong similarity between it and an old lithograph copyrighted in 1831 which he accidentally encountered in Baltimore.

This was the first clue that the painting

might be the famous one by Thomas Ruckle, of Baltimore, which had been lost for many years. It was painted shortly after the battle of North Point by Ruckle, who was a member of the Washington Blues, under Captain George H. Stuart.

Since the restoration of the painting Dr.

Neff has consulted several authorities and compared the designs of uniforms and other details of the work with descriptions obtained from historical works. The troops are drawn up under the forestry of trees, just turning to the golden autumnal shade, in the form described by the historians.

One may discern the uniforms worn by Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia troops, the militia of Pennsylvania and the volunteers of Baltimore, York and Hanover. Detachments are recognized as the Maryland Chasseurs, Fells Point Light Dragoons, First Baltimore Hussars, Union Yagers, American and Eagle artillery, Steiner's Artillery from Frederick, Captain Asquith's Sharpshooters and other bodies known to have taken part in the defense, as well as glimpses of the British troops.

The lithograph copy of the battle of North Point which served as a means of identifying Ruckle's painting is perhaps the only pictorial representation extant of this famous incident. The painting in Dr. Neff's possession is somewhat blurred by the dust and wear and tear it suffered in its many years' wanderings, but enough of the detail and action is discernible to establish the similarity with the lithograph and the historical descriptions of the battle.

Dr. Neff's residence has been besieged by many inquirers and especially by visitors from Baltimore. Dr. Neff is making inquiries as to how the picture was lost so many years and to establish the identity of previous owners. It is not an infrequent occurrence that some valuable painting is brought to light in the auction shops and antiquary stores of the capital, where the household effects of old Virginia, Maryland and Washington homes are brought under the hammer. It is believed the Ruckle painting has been stored for many years in some household in either Maryland or Virginia, where its real value and historic worth were unknown.



PHOTOGRAPH OF ORIGINAL PAINTING "THE BATTLE OF NORTH POINT"